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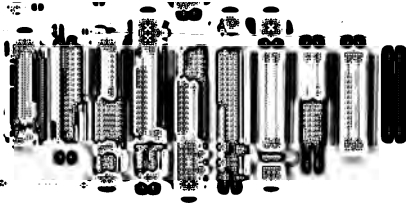
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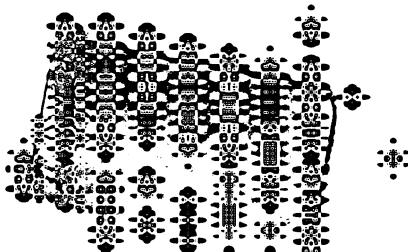
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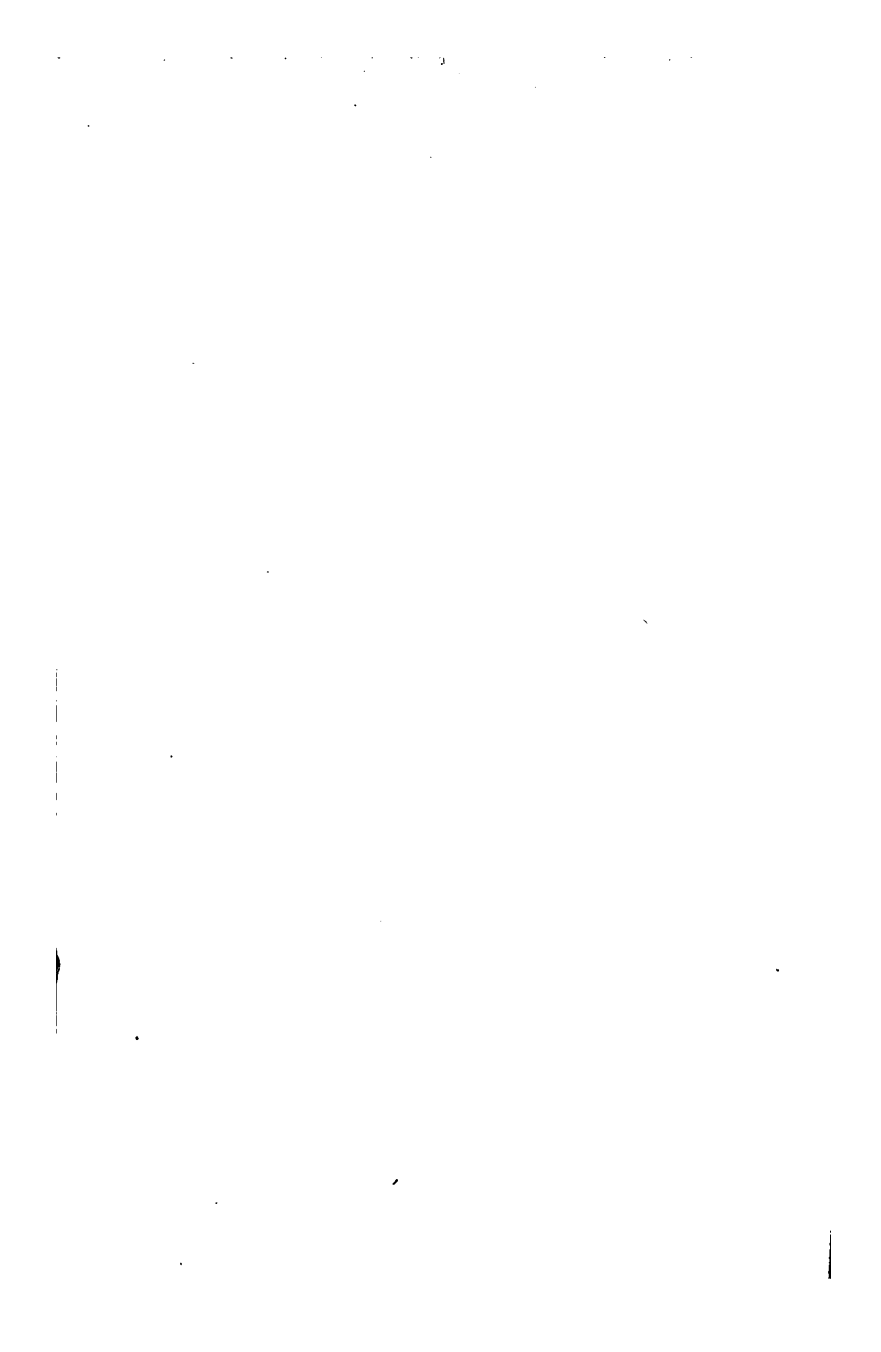
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LONDON :
THOMAS HARRILD, PRINTER, SILVER STREET,
FALCON SQUARE

P R E F A C E.

THE following Memorial was delivered at the Anniversary of Howard Chapel, Bedford, in the month of October, 1852. It was thought appropriate to mark the occasion by celebrating the memory of one who was so intimately connected with the Church assembling within the walls of the edifice now called after his name. I felt a pleasure in complying with the request of my friend, the Rev. W. Alliott, to undertake the service, both on account of my admiration of Howard's character, and from a desire to assist in the removal of the debt on Howard Chapel.

I trust that the exhibition of the Great Philanthropist's example may stimulate Christian friends to aid the Church at Bedford

in the endeavour to remove its present pecuniary encumbrance. Any profits arising from the sale of this publication will be appropriated to that desirable purpose.

THE
CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

RICHER than merchant's stores or banker's gold, fairer than green pastures and yellow corn-fields, are the histories of those whom God hath made great and good. I would not estimate the wealth of a town simply by the extent of its products and the amount of its revenues, nor its beauty by the architecture of its streets, and the scenery of its environs. The moral must not be forgotten ; it must come before the material. Do I enter a place associated with the names of those whom the Father of Spirits endowed with wondrous gifts, and ennobled by appointment to some rare service in the great household of human souls, that place arrests my attention, excites my interest, inspires my reverence, beyond what another place, totally eclipsing it in displays of art and commerce, without associations of the other kind, could ever do.

I congratulate the inhabitants of Bedford upon the lustre they derive from two names, which shine on their historical escutcheon, far more than upon the advantages which flow from their pleasant situation and their industrial activity. Standing on the now graceful bridge which spans the Ouse, with its banks of water lilies, one sees the shadow of another bridge—timeworn—with a dark dungeon built into its massive middle pier, through whose iron bars there used, for twelve long years, to look up to the bright heavens the eyes of him who there met with an apocalypse of Christian life, glowing with colours of more unearthly hue, radiant with forms of diviner fashion, than had ever been revealed in dream or vision, since the days of the loved and last disciple in his prison Isle of Patmos. Sitting, on a quiet Sabbath morning, in Bunyan Chapel, while the fresh air, through the open window, fanning the cheek, comes but as the companion of fresher breezes of freedom fanning the heart, the worshipper must needs think of the man whose name the present edifice wisely commemorates, who, ere our liberties were secured, was wont, in a humble edifice which covered the same spot in unsettled times, when pauses in the storm of persecution gave uncertain repose, to throw out, with a skill which was God's special

gift to him, the loving lines of his holy genius, seeking to win wandering mortals to the ways of heavenly wisdom.

As we pass through the pleasant village of Cardington, with its lines of cottages so modest and so neat, with its clustering elms so shady and so green, with its Gothic church so ancient and so strong—a village that which, as Englishmen, we are glad to say may serve as the fair specimen of many such, another name occurs to us, whose sound has gone beyond the echo of that earlier one. We feel an irresistible desire to stay there and think of JOHN HOWARD, who lived in the old house behind the church, and the traces of whose beneficent care rest still on the place of his ancestral and chosen home. Entering to-night within the halls of this chapel, which he helped to rear; looking on the pew where he used to worship; standing in the pulpit to which, with reverent attention, he turned his eye and ear to catch the instructions and appeals of his friend and pastor; bending over the table, from which he delighted to receive the bread and the cup, which told of a love to imprisoned souls unspeakable and infinite—the fountain of his own; can we help imagining that we see the very man amongst us? In stature below the common standard; frail rather than robust in make;

complexion sallow, fading into paler hues at times ; features large and noble, with a nose grandly arched as might befit a conqueror, and with an eye sparkling and keen, but revealing the philanthropist to those who steadily looked into its deep fountain ; with a high and ample forehead, which, though it told not of genius, spoke of sagacity and intelligence ; with lips thin and compressible, which proclaimed beyond all mistake an iron will ; vivacious in matter ; alert in gait ; animated in gesture ; gentle in voice ; with a somewhat foreign air overspreading the whole. The very man seems present with us now, in the costume of the eighteenth century. We see John Howard here bending down before God in prayer, and asking strength for his wonderful mission. His eye brightens and his heart beats, as he is told of Him "who went about doing good:" a tear falls, as the preacher reads Christ's words, "sick and in prison, and ye visited Me." He is just come home from a long tour in distant lands, thinking little about the picturesque, but full of large thoughts about prisons, their discipline and their inmates ; he mingles pleadings for the captive with songs of praise for his own preservation. Again he is going from home for the last time ; he looks round this edifice for the last time ; Amen is pronounced by him

here for the last time. The voice of duty, to him ever the voice of God, calls him away once more from his native shores and it is for the last time. He has an inward premonition he shall see the familiar faces around him no more, but he is strong of heart, because strong in faith, strong in God.

We propose this evening to contemplate the character of this extraordinary man. It has been thought that the anniversary services of the chapel with which he was once connected personally, and still is connected by name, present a fit occasion for doing so.

The places where illustrious mortals have been born are rendered sacred to us by our knowledge of the fact. We also like to mark a red letter in the calendar over their birthday. Seven cities, we are told, claimed the honour of being Homer's birthplace: four localities have been mentioned as the scene of Howard's nativity; and, as in the case of the Greek poet, so in the case of the English philanthropist, different years are assigned as the era. We have not the gratification, then, within our reach of visiting some old house of the last century, or even of standing on its site, and saying, "Here first breathed those lips so full of kindness, here first throbbed that heart so full of manly love;" we have not the pleasure of

being able to write down beneath one of the 365 days of the year the words, " Anniversary of the prisoner's friend," a season which, were it known, would be worthy of becoming throughout Europe a prison festival. As to the date and place of Howard's birth, we can only approximate to the truth. It was in 1725 or 1726 ; perhaps it was at Clapton, perhaps at Enfield.

This is certain, Cardington was to him as his birthplace, for there he was brought up from his infancy. It was the scene of his boyish pastimes and his earliest lessons. The old trees, and the older church, would form the background of his first remembrances. His father was a tradesman in London, who had acquired wealth by industry, and the house at Cardington, to which Howard was taken, had descended to the parent as a family inheritance. The youth did not enjoy a mother's culture ; she died when he was a babe. His early schooling was imperfect, and even from later and superior masters he never received a sound education. In the paths of literature he desired not to stand among the foremost. Elsewhere God meant him to travel and lead the way. His school-days over, his father bound him apprentice to a grocer, in Watling-street, a proceeding which, taking the father's wealth

into account, though not in harmony with modern notions, showed that the city tradesman was too wise to wish his son, however rich, to eat the bread of idleness. He sought, no doubt, to engraft upon the lad industrious habits, and herein he succeeded. Howard was ever a pattern of diligence. The father died in 1742. The son inherited a large property, the Cardington estate among the rest; and he busied himself in the care of his valuable patrimony, not neglecting the improvement of his mind. Having effected the termination of his apprenticeship before it legally expired, he resolved to gratify the strong love for travelling with which he was imbued. The improvement of health, never strong, and the culture of a mind, much needing culture, were also important objects contemplated by the young tourist. He visited old cities in France and Italy, examined buildings, studied manners and customs, acquired knowledge of foreign languages, and bought pictures for the house at Cardington.

But a biography of Howard, even in outline, is not what we propose. It is character only we seek to develope, selecting from memoirs and traditions of him such facts as suit that purpose. The brief notices just given of his early days may serve as an introduction to

what now follows. His public career, of course, first attracts attention.

I.

That was a memorable time in the history of your county, when Howard was nominated Sheriff. There was probably some falling off in the outward splendours of office. Not quite so much parade as usual in the assize week. The carriage not so smart as some had been; the blue livery of the javelin-men rather plain.* The crowds looking at the procession might be a little disappointed at this economy of state. Probably there was no ball graced by the presence of the sheriff, or any play bespoke at the theatre. We can fancy that somehow the bells seemed to ring not so merrily as usual; and we are sure, as the sheriff took the judges to the court-house, and sat with them, there he appeared to esteem it anything but a gala day. This eccentric sheriff had undertaken his office with a stern sense of personal duty, and evidently felt that the guilt and misery with which that office had brought him into contact gave to its discharge a somewhat melancholy colouring. Wondered at as he was by many, found

* The father of Mr. Howard's gardener, named Felts, was one of the javelin-men, and long retained his blue coat as a relic of Howard's shrievalty.

fault with as he was by some, there were thoughts and purposes ripening in his mind just then, which made him afterwards the man he was. "The distress," he says, "of which there are few who have not some imperfect idea, came more immediately under my notice when I was sheriff of the county of Bedford." This forms the opening sentence of his great work on Prisons; and here he points to the immediate impulse impelling him to the course which has made his name immortal. Further on, he adds, "to the pursuit of it I was prompted by the sorrows of the sufferers and love to my country. The work grew upon me insensibly. I could not enjoy my ease and leisure in the neglect of an opportunity offered me by Providence of attempting the relief of the miserable." Perhaps remembrances of his own experience in a foreign land came in aid of his generous thoughts and purposes. In 1755, he thought of visiting Lisbon, then a heap of ruins, covering the mouth of the earthquake, which had just closed; but on his way he was taken prisoner by the French, and for forty hours had not a drop of water. He was then cast into a filthy dungeon, where a joint of meat was thrown to him and his companions, for them to tear it in pieces, as though they had been dogs. His eyes were thus opened to

the sufferings of the captive. He was taught to "remember them that were in bonds as bound with them." He had come to "know the heart of a stranger," for he was "a stranger in the land."

During his shrievalty, then, arose his first inquiries into the state of prisons, and his first plan for their reform. It was a new path in philanthropy. He had no pioneer. The first man who went up Mont Blanc, Balmat, the hero of Chamouny, had often walked round the base of the mountain, seeking, in vain, if there was any way leading to the top. Finding all his endeavours fruitless, he, at length, exclaimed, "This will never do ; *if there be no path, why I'll make one.*" Such is the resolution of all energetic wills when facing a difficulty. Howard had conceived a mountainous kind of enterprise, with no map by which to pick his steps, with no mortal guide to go before him. So he said, "If there be no path, why I'll make one;" and he did.

"For his own part, he rarely went in search of precedents ; provided with a living law in his own conscience, he could dispense with much routine teaching. Without surrounding himself with the usual insignia of office, he prepared to superintend in person the administration of justice. The criminal world was new to him. There was no science of prison treat-

ment then, hardly any literature on the subject; and probably none at all that he was acquainted with. But it was a thing in itself likely to attract his attention deeply. Laying aside all pomp, he sat in the court during the trials, and in the intervals visited and inspected, with the utmost care and minuteness, every portion of the prison. Not a single cell was suffered to escape his notice. Every abuse was brought to light. Every inmate of the gaol received the benefit of his visits. This was, in reality, the beginning of his life-work."* Bedford was a centre whence he diverged in different directions on his prison tours. In the miserable cells, of which one had been occupied by our Puritan confessor, commenced the grand career of our Puritan philanthropist. His early pilgrimages were confined to England. He found prisons in wretched repair; rooms small and close; no yard, no straw, no proper supply of water; fires kindled on the earth, without chimneys; ventilation almost utterly neglected; six prisoners chained to the floor in one dungeon; the straw worn to dust; cells underground, reached by ladders, a foot or two deep in water; infirmaries so small as to be insufficient to receive the sick, so that they pined and perished in their own narrow, filthy dens.

* Dixon.

He found men bruised and torn with heavy chains and instruments of torture ; some lying in rows upon a bed formed of rods, their feet fastened to a large bar which rested on them, and their necks surrounded with iron collars, armed with enormous spikes. He found debtors treated like criminals ; some of them having the *privilege* of standing without the gate of the gaol, padlocked by the legs, and chained to the wall, selling laces, nets, and purses. He found men detained after acquittal, or after a full execution of their sentence, from inability to pay fees, which formed the gaoler's income, that functionary, too, in some cases, deriving his revenue partly from farming the department of provisions.

It was during these investigations that Howard narrowly escaped being placed in a position where, though he might have been a benefactor to his country, he would very probably have been in a less degree a benefactor to the world. He was requested to stand as candidate for the representation of Bedford. He consented, not only with the design, if returned, of working for the public benefit, but with a view to assert personally the rights of Protestant Dissenters ; but he lost—we may say providentially lost—his election. God was

pointing him to other toils, for which he was better qualified than for those of statesmanship. Indeed, the Supreme Disposer of events was promoting him to the highest honour. Howard was to be, not a member of the English House of Commons, but an advocate for the oppressed of all lands, before the tribunal of the whole world.

Shut out from Parliament by this defeat at the Bedford election, he turned with fresh ardour to his prison schemes. He asked the question—Why not revisit the Continent, and instead of examining churches, palaces, and pictures, enlarge by personal inspection a knowledge of prisons, their inmates and discipline? He saw no insuperable difficulty in the way, and forthwith he commenced his grand European tours, which covered many years, and opened up to him the secrets of many a prison-house, from Paris to St. Petersburg, from Stockholm to Naples. Between the years 1773 and 1783, his energies were “addressed to the one paramount object; he traversed every country on the Continent, with the exception of Turkey; visited and minutely inspected the gaols of all their capitals and principal cities; travelled upwards of 42,000 miles, and expended upon these travels, or in relieving the sick, and in

giving freedom to the captive, more than £30,000"* (Dixon's Howard, page 315).

* The following details of journeys by Mr. Howard are among his memoranda.

Journeys.	Miles.
In Great Britain and Ireland, 1773-4-5-6	1,0318
First foreign journey1775	1,400
Second ditto.....1776	1,700
Third ditto1778	4,636
In Great Britain and Ireland, 1779	6,490
Fourth foreign journey.....1781	4,465
In Great Britain and Ireland, 1782	8,865
Fifth foreign journey1783	3,304
To Ireland	715
To Worcester	238
To Hertford, Chelmsford, and Warrington ...	602
Total...	42,033

Journeys in 1779.	Miles.	Journeys in 1781.	Miles.
1st. Western	534		538
2nd. Southern.....	368		273
3rd. Eastern	512		803
4th. Kent, etc.	353		516
5th. Northern	957		932
6th. South Wales	580		472
7th. Scotland and Ireland	1151		537
8th. North Wales,.....	690		2030
9th. Nottingham & Hunts.	450		924
10th. Lincoln and Bedford	500		845
11th. Liverpool, etc.....	395		295
Total...	6,490		8,165

"To God alone be all the praise! I do not regret the

Among some other things in the treatment of prisoners abroad, worthy of imitation at home, he particularly noted the fact of their being generally employed, whereas in his own country, at that time, they were for the most part shut up in idleness. For example, he was especially struck with the Hospital of St. Michele, in Rome, which had a prison for boys, erected in 1704, by Clement XI., and exhibited on its walls a sentence in which "the grand purpose of all civil policy relative to criminals is expressed: *Parum est coercere improbus pœna nisi probos efficias disciplina*. It is of little advantage to restrain the bad by punishment, unless you render them good by discipline." It was a principle upon which he dwelt with much patient thought, and exhibited under manifold illustrations; aiming to enforce upon the British authorities the lesson held up by so obvious an example. Yet he saw enormities of injustice practised on the Continent, in the execution of criminal laws, which wrung his righteous soul with anguish. For example, in Liege he discovered dungeons so fearful, that he says confinement in them overpowered human nature, and sometimes irrecoverably took away the senses. "The cries of the suffering of many conveniences of life, but bless God, who inclined my mind to such a scheme."

ferers in the torture-chamber," he adds, " may be heard by passengers without, and guards are placed to prevent them from stopping and listening." With regard to Venice, he observes: " The chief prison, near the Doge's palace, is one of the strongest I ever saw; there were between three and four hundred prisoners, many of them confined in loathsome and dark cells for life; executions here being very rare. On weighing the head allowance, I found it fourteen ounces. I asked some who had been confined many years in dark cells, whether they would prefer the galleys. They all answered in the affirmative, so great a blessing is light and air." During six journeys on the Continent, comprising visits to almost all its important cities and towns, he collected particulars in reference to prison-building, ventilation, sewerage, furniture, food, employment, discipline, health, and morals. No naturalist ever with more care enumerated in his notebook curious specimens of the vegetable and animal worlds; nor did any antiquary with more surpassing minuteness ever take down the particulars of an old building or a mutilated statue.

The results of his travels in Great Britain and elsewhere, so far as they had then proceeded, he published in 1777, adding an appendix in 1780, and an account of the principal lazarettoes

in Europe, nine years later. During this period, his reputation and authority were ever increasing, and attained, before he died, a point which human fame and influence do not often reach in this world, nor is it desirable they should, except where a man has the humility of Howard in addition to his other virtues. Howard was publicly thanked by the House of Commons. From Universities he received diplomas; from Corporations their freedom. He was eulogized by orators, and praised by poets; his house was sought out and visited by strangers, and a monument was proposed to be raised to his honour. But he had better and more desirable rewards. His presence inspired homage; his name was as a talisman. Crime seemed abashed under his shadow. Gratitude sprung up before him in savage hearts. Though he traversed foreign countries in an age of depredations, he was never attacked by a robber, never molested on his way.* As Howard himself informs us, in his last work—in all his visits to various gaols in this and other kingdoms, he never received any insult either from keepers or prisoners, nor ever lost anything except a handkerchief, which, on a subsequent visit, was restored by a prisoner,

* I am told by Mr. Prole, the son of Mr. Howard's coachman, that Howard *was* once robbed by a highwayman when travelling in England.

who said that he believed Mr. Howard had dropped it when last there. No wonder that the beneficiaries of his kindness were touched with deep emotion ; and it is very affecting to learn that, on visiting a prison in Florence, " he was greeted, on his entrance into the wards, by hymns and choruses from the recipients of his bounty, whose language of fervent gratitude and of ardent devotion was more applicable to a visitant from heaven, than a benefactor of mortal mould."

His course was in itself sublimely illustrious, receiving no addition from the opinions and acts of men. A circumstance in his life was a symbol of that career. In a letter to the pastor of this church, dated Berlin, June 1778, he says, " We are here just on the eve of an important event—the King of Prussia in Silesia, and the Emperor encamped within a few miles of him ; forty thousand men ready to destroy one another, as the prejudices or passions of an arbitrary monarch may direct. I hope in about a fortnight to be clear of the armies, and to be at or near Vienna." A man travelling on an errand of peace and mercy between camps of brother men, full of wrath and revenge, what is that but a typical picture of Howard's history ?

Indeed, of his public career men have formed but one opinion.

II.

What was he in private life?

One day an elderly gentleman on horseback, attended by his servant, stopped at the inn at Cardington, near Howard's house, and began to catechise the landlord about the merits of this much-talked-of man. "Characters," he said, often appeared very well at a distance, which could not bear close inspection"—and he was right; he had therefore come to Howard's residence to ascertain his character. He questioned the household, and examined the tenantry; noticed the state of things reigning in the abode of this country squire, and narrowly examined the interior economy of the cottages which had been built by him for the peasants. The stranger returned, satisfied that Howard at home was the same man as Howard abroad. This careful inquisitor was the eccentric Lord Monboddo, and the conclusion at which he arrived is the simple truth which we shall now proceed to illustrate.

Our universal philanthropist appeared at Cardington in the character of a village reformer. Indeed, it was in that capacity that he opened his benevolent mission; it was by these humbler offices that he trained himself for

his subsequent illustrious usefulness, and when he had won, without seeking, a renown that filled the civilized world, he persevered in the discharge of his early rural duties. While only the monarch can boast of transforming into marble the metropolis which he found built of brick, it is within the power of most landed proprietors to reduce to order and to clothe with neatness the domain which comes into their possession a scene of confusion and misrule. Howard felt that he had such power, and he exerted it. The tenements on his estate were, like others of that day, badly constructed, badly ventilated, badly drained. He pulled them down, and built new ones after an improved method, securing light, air, and cleanliness; adding ornament to convenience, and consulting taste, while he attained utility. Behind the palings which enclosed the trim little garden, stocked with useful vegetables, and decked with gay and fragrant flowers, rose the white-fronted cottage with its roof of thatch. The occupant, as he sat by the door on a summer evening, rejoiced in the contrast which this new abode presented to his former wretched dwelling, and deeply felt the thanks which he could only imperfectly express to the beneficent landlord, who used sometimes to come and sit down beside him, eating an apple, as was his

wont, to give familiarity to the interview, and gently patting the heads of the little boys and girls, as he gave them a halfpenny, and told them to be good children. "His habits recall a thousand exquisite pictures of primitive life. Boaz going forth among the reapers where he first encountered Ruth; Miltiades sitting at the portico of his dwelling, calling to the strangers from the Chersonese, as they were passing by, tired and soiled by travel, and offering them the hospitalities of his house, and other charming images, rise up to memory as fitting counterparts to the frequent glimpses that we get of the patriarch of Cardington."* Habits of cleanliness, in which he was extremely particular himself, he sought to promote among his tenantry, by personal inspection of the houses, and strict injunctions to wash well the floors. The alteration that went on provided employment. The village was a scene of busy industry; and while he employed the men in building, ditching, and draining, he set the women to work in the making of linen for household purposes. No one knew and felt better than Howard did, that man has a double nature, material as well as moral, body as well as soul, and that you attempt the work of intellectual and spiritual elevation at fearful

* Dixon.

odds, when the subject of this higher kind of philanthropy is the victim of filth, disease, and hunger; but having cared for the temporal needs of the poor, he thought of the mind, and paid attention to its highest interests. He founded schools at Cardington and Cotton-end, when schools were not so popular as at present, opening them to the children of all sects, and imposing no condition that could touch the conscience of any parent. The young folks were required on a Sunday to attend a place of worship, but neither church nor meeting-house was exclusively prescribed. He made a similar stipulation with his tenants, and had one of his cottages fitted up as a place for preaching.

The mental habits of the country gentlemen of that day, generally considered, were very far below what they are at present. A taste for reading was rare; for scientific pursuits rarer still. Howard had a taste for both. Though not a student, he found pleasure in books, and had the shelves of the little root-house* in the garden well stocked with divinity,

* The root-house, we regret to say, has been pulled down; the following description of it is taken from Brown's "Life of Howard:"—"The materials of which it is formed are the roots and trunks of trees; the roof thatchwork, without ceiling or panelling on the inside to mar the rude simplicity of the exterior. The furni-

philosophical treatises, and interesting travels. A Fellow of the Royal Society, he connected a

ture exactly corresponded with the room. In the centre, are still the remains of a lamp formed out of a root, and originally furnished with glasses, some of which were broken the first time they were used, and have never been replaced. The place of chairs is supplied partly by some singular masses of peat of a very curious description, in the precise state in which they were cut out of a moss at Ampthill. Opposite to these is a stone slab, serving the purposes of a table, and ornamented with a female figure in marble, seemingly a nun, in a reclining posture; a model in wood of one of the public buildings which Mr. Howard had seen in the course of his travels, and an hourglass. Over these, in a recess in the wall, is a small bookcase with glass doors, enclosing a number of books. Hervey, Flavel, Baxter, and the divines of that class, seem to have been his favourite authors. But besides a well-chosen selection of writers of this cast, these shelves contained the poems of Milton, Thomson, Young, Watts; Lord Anson's *Voyages*; "The Wonders of the Universe Displayed;" most of the popular, with a few of the more abstruse philosophical treatises of the day.

"The identical Bible which was Mr. Howard's constant companion in all his travels—undertaken for the sole object of carrying into effect those principles of universal charity to the whole brotherhood of man which the Bible, and the Bible alone, inculcates—still occupies the spot where it was regularly placed, whenever its owner for a few short days or weeks had found a resting-place from his labours in the calm solitude of the shades he loved."

reality with the appellation, addicting himself especially to the meteorological branch of science, cultivating it with an ardour, which, in a more excitable nature, would have blazed into enthusiasm, but which, in his case, was only a manifestation of calm practical earnestness. "At the bottom of his garden at Cardington he had placed a thermometer, and as soon as the frosty weather had set in, he used to leave his warm bed at two o'clock every morning, walk in the bitter morning air to his thermometer, examine it by his lamp, and write down its register, which done to his satisfaction, he would coolly betake himself again to bed." Nor was he devoid of taste in artistic matters, as is proved by the accounts of what his house and garden became through the alterations carried on under his own personal supervision; and, by what we can judge of the latter, which retains to the present day many of its original features, in its shady walks and open lawns. shows his love of massive foliage and smooth-shaven verdure.*

* The following inscription appears on the pedestal of the memorial erected by Mr. Whitbread.

"This garden was formed, the root-house built, and the trees planted in the year 1762, by John Howard the Philanthropist, who lived for many years in this retirement, before his virtuous energies were called into

Into deeper privacy we must penetrate. He was a husband, twice married ; his first union having in it a dash of eccentricity, which really proceeded from moral principle. He was taken ill in the house of Mrs. Loidoire, a widow, at Newington, who tended him with such extreme care and delicate assiduity, as to win his unbounded thankfulness. Though greatly her junior in age and her superior in rank, he thought it right to express that thankfulness by an offer of his hand. He, who afterwards devoted himself to the reformation of a village, and then to a reformation of the world, from a calm principle of benevolence, now, from an equally calm principle of gratitude,

action, and he quitted it to be the benefactor of mankind.

"To this spot he eagerly returned, to pass the intervals between those labours which ended in his death, and have ensured to him a guiltless and imperishable fame.

"Joshua Crockford, whose hands put the seedlings in the earth, under his master's eye, has spent the intervening years in constantly watching and assisting their growth, exhibiting in this his narrow circle a model of sobriety, industry, and neatness. He still lives, in his eightieth year, faithful to his duties, and strong to fulfil them. Contented in his station, pleased with his charge, and full of the remembrance of his beloved master.—S. W. WHITEHEAD, August 10, 1812."

resolved to devote himself for the rest of life to *her* welfare, who had so signally promoted *his*. He did what he intended, and made the object of his strange choice singularly happy.

His second wife was Henrietta Leeds. With her ample forehead and well-arched brows, and eyes expressive of intelligence and love, and other features moulded well and finely set, the portraits of her have, undoubtedly, made many of you familiar. Nor do you forget the smoothly-dressed hair, thrown back according to the fashion of the times, and crowned by a white coiffure, having for a central ornament a double festoon of jewelled stars ; nor yet the lace kerchief which covers her graceful bust with large embroidered folds. Looking into that face, you cannot help saying, that within such a form there lives a thoughtful mind, a gentle, loving soul, a meek and quiet spirit. One fancies her just fit to be Howard's wife. The descriptions of her character and the story of her wedded days are what we should augur from her portrait. She possessed what added holy charms to her other endowments—God's grace within her heart. Sympathising with him in matters of taste, she busied herself with her husband in the Cardington improvements ; and we think we see her light form tripping over the grass to train some wayward creeping flowers, while he

is discussing with the gardener weighty matters touching the culture of trees and the laying out of new walks. And in benevolence, too, her heart was one with his ; it was full of care and sacrifice for the good of others. We have noticed the jewels in Henrietta's hair. Whether she always retained these ornaments or not, we are unable to say, but we learn that, shortly after her marriage, she sold most of her jewels to form a fund for the relief of the sick poor ; and when once, on striking the yearly balance of accounts, as Howard, with scrupulous integrity, ever did, they found an overplus, and he proposed to expend it on a trip to London, expressly for her gratification, she said, as she thought of the blessing which the new houses were to Cardington, " What a pretty cottage it would build,"—so the money went for that.

To say that Howard loved his wife is but inadequately to express the fact. He loved, not as the gay and sensual, not as the men of sentiment and passion do, but as only spirits pure and virtuous and noble ever can. While she lived, his care for her was constant, and when she died, as was the case after seven years of wedded peace and joy, his grief was deeper than could be measured by his words. He had just left Cardington Church when a sudden fatal attack struck at the root of his domestic

peace. She expired in his arms. How did anguish for her loss mix with admiration for her character, as he wrote the words for her epitaph, so truly depicting what she was: "She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness." How did reverence for her memory reveal itself in his custom of keeping sacred the day of her death; and how plainly it appeared, as, on the eve of a long and perilous journey, he gave his son the well-known injunction, "Jack, in case I should not return, you will pursue this work or not as you may think proper; but remember this walk was planted by your mother, and if you ever touch a twig of it, may my blessing never rest upon you."

Oh, that son, that only child—his parent's fondest hope—he was his bitterest trial! He was so in two ways. First, he went wrong, grievously, irrecoverably wrong; and, secondly, Howard's early training of the boy, misunderstood and misrepresented, gave occasion for the only calumny ever breathed upon his name. The younger Howard became thoroughly depraved, and, having ruined his constitution, died insane. These melancholy facts have been attributed to the father as their cause. He has been charged with neglect and harshness. This accusation first appeared in the *Gentle-*

man's Magazine, and it has been oftentimes repeated. It is very painful to find fresh currency given to so foul a slander in the life of Sir Walter Scott.

The fact is, that Howard feeling himself called to fulfil a mission which took him far and long from home, it was matter of necessity, if he obeyed the call, that he should devolve the education of his son very much on other people. Whether, for the sake of one's own child, a work, in which the welfare of multitudes in all coming time as well as the present is concerned, should be put aside, is a case of moral casuistry, to which different parents would give different replies. But no one reflecting on the habits of Howard's mind, and the peculiar genius of *his* character, leading him to sacrifice the individual to the universal, will wonder at the conviction which *he* formed of his own duty; at the same time it is plain enough, that he did not think his son's proper education need at all be neglected by the course he pursued. Nor could he at any time be charged with omitting such attention to his son as the chosen philanthropic toils of his own life allowed. His letters and memoranda, when abroad, contain numerous proofs how near his heart lay the welfare of the child bequeathed to him by the dying Henrietta. Solemnly in one

place does he surrender himself and "his babe" to Christ, begging for him the Holy Spirit, Touchingly in another does he allude to "his distance from his dear boy," Anticipating death, he thinks of the "parting farewell with him." In his solemn acts of devotion, he repeatedly dedicates his son to God. A man who thus expressed himself in reference to his offspring—a man like Howard, not fond of sentimental terms—a man who used words of endearment cautiously, with whom they were as *coin*, and not as *counters*—could hardly be wanting in fatherly attachment. That the son himself was impressed with the conviction of his parent's *affectionate* solicitude for him is evident from the fact that, on one occasion, when asked by Dr. Darwin whether his father would not be *angry* at his want of compliance with a certain wish, he answered, "*Not angry, but unhappy.*" When at home, especially at an early period of the young lad's life, Howard was assiduous and unremitting in doing what he deemed best for his well-being. We are constrained to admit that he thought too much of *parental authority*—having a patriarchal notion of it as an absolute kingship, to which implicit submission was to be required; and, further, we must confess that his idea of the end of education—as being to teach the child how to *obey* rather than how to *love*—is

not our idea, and therefore that, in our humble judgment, he erred, greatly erred; but that he was cruel and unfatherlike appears, from the want of all evidence in its support, and from the strongest proof on the other side, to be entirely and absolutely false. That Mr. Howard's idea of education, says Dr. Aiken, in a letter to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "led him (as it has done many other wise and good men) to regard implicit obedience in a child as an essential groundwork, I readily admit, and that he managed to attain this point completely, I likewise know to be true; but the manner in which this was effected was not of a kind that could make any dangerous impressions on a child's mental faculties, since it was free from everything hasty, violent, and capricious, and consisted in a very steady, cool, and uniform course of discipline and authority, in such points alone as were thought important to the child's welfare. Mr. Howard has more than once affirmed to me that he never struck his son in his life, which is certainly what few indulgent parents could say." The story about Howard's locking up his son all day in a solitary place has been sifted thoroughly, and shown to arise from the accidental circumstance of his having left the child asleep some hours on the matting of the Hermitage. We refer with satisfaction

to the Memoirs by Mr. Brown, and by Mr. Dixon, for an elaborate exposure of the falsehoods against Mr. Howard, and would only add, that the ruin of the youth is mainly to be attributed to the treachery of a favourite servant, who led him into vice, and thus cruelly repaid his master's confidence and bounty.

Other facts and pictures illustrative of the philanthropist's private life are vividly recalled by the place in which we are now assembled. Of Puritan descent and culture, he, in his riper years, retained from intelligent conviction the principles he had been early taught. These principles he avowed when chosen High Sheriff of this county, and for them, in their political bearings, he stood forward as a champion, bold, and staunch, when he appeared on the Bedford hustings, at the election in 1774. While living at Stoke Newington he became a member of the Independent Church, of which at that time the Rev. Micaiah Townsend was the pastor. On his removal to Cardington, he became associated with the Old Church at Bedford, then under the pastoral oversight of the Rev. Mr. Saunderson. That connection continued under the ministry of the Rev. Joshua Symmonds, till the year 1772, when a separation occurred on the part of a considerable portion of the members. The grounds on which the sepa-

ration took place are stated in a MS. document which I have been permitted to examine, the chief of those grounds being that Mr. Symmonds had become an Antipædobaptist, and was seeking to proselytise the people to his own opinions, while, in that and in some other objectionable respects, a large party sympathised with and supported his proceedings. No doubt, a great deal of painful and improper excitement attended the division ; but it is very beautiful to read, at the conclusion of the MS., the following passage, expressive of the sentiments of the seceders towards their brethren : “ Though they cannot but conceive of them as mistaken, yet they hope they are honest in their errors ; and though a difference in judgment and practice, arising from the present imperfections of knowledge and grace, renders it expedient to withdraw from their society at present, yet they would still conceive of them as brethren, and treat them as such, hoping to unite with them again in the glorious assembly and church of the first-born, and to spend a happy eternity with them in a world of perfect knowledge, holiness, and joy ; where all shall be peace, harmony, and love, and party names and distinctions shall be heard no more.” Howard took a part in the separation, but it was exactly in the spirit just

expressed. Conscientiously impelled to withdraw, he did it with such dignity, temper, and calmness, as to secure, what is rarely done under such circumstances, the good-will and affection of all parties, and even to retain the forsaken pastor's cordial friendship, of which there are memorials in Howard's letters. Howard naturally took an interest in the welfare of the party he espoused, and not only became a generous supporter of this Church and a considerable contributor to this building, but offered to build a parsonage-house for Mr. Smith, the first pastor, which he delicately declined. That good man, Howard loved with a special affection, loved as his spiritual instructor, loved as a private friend, with whom he could fully sympathise, and in whom he could unreservedly confide. He left behind him, as you know, a daughter, who used to tell of Howard's Sunday morning calls at her father's house, just at the entrance to the town. "I remember," she would say, "how anxiously we used to watch his knock, and how pleased we were to walk to meeting by his side." She also told how the two friends would go out on horse-back together, and Howard would decoy his companion into a ride so long as to preclude his getting home at the usual hour of his mid-day meal, and then would say, as he rejoiced

at the success of his manœuvre, "I find, my friend, that you can fast as long as I can ; but now you must go to Cardington and spend the day with me, as Mrs. Smith will have dined long before this time." "My father," the lady added, "has often said those were some of the most delightful hours of his life, for that Mr. Howard would then completely unbend himself, and give the most entertaining accounts of his past travels ; open to him all his future plans, all his trials and sorrows, in short, every feeling of his heart, in the most free and confidential manner."

Most persons think of Howard only as the great Philanthropist ; you who listen to me now are accustomed to think of him in his private and most sacred relations. His memory is bound to you by religious ties. You are wont to picture him amidst Sabbath scenes. You see him engaged in holy worship. Rambling along the Cardington road, you remember that over the same path Howard used to come every Sunday morning on foot, and in like manner return, rather than give his servants needless trouble on God's day of rest. You pause by the house at the corner of Mill Street, and tell your children—*There*, in that little parlour, this illustrious man was wont to tarry and take a slender repast, between the morning and after-

noon services; he having built the tenement for that purpose, allowing a family to have it free from rent, in return for their taking care of the parlour for his use on Sunday noon. You often turn to his pew in that corner, and think of him standing up, with his arm round the waist of his little son, holding the hymn-book before him, and helping him to spell out some easy words of praise. You cherish his memory as one of the fathers of your Church. You honour his conscientious attachment to principles more unpopular, more despised in his day than now. Nor do you forget—I trust you do not—that he was no bigot; that he was far from denouncing those from whom he differed; that he thought it no crime to worship in a parish church; that he loved good men of every name; that his dissent was encircled with a nimbus of catholicity. It is no slight privilege for the pastor and members of this Congregational Church to stand in the relation they do to this distinguished man. Lustre is reflected on you by his name; a stimulus is afforded by his example. Those who worship in Howard Chapel should indeed be zealous of good works; and if any here, through shame or worldly ambition, should prove recreant to the cause of evangelical nonconformity, they would stand rebuked before one of the most venerable shades of departed worth.

III.

Howard was a man to whom God had given a strong, sound, healthy understanding. He had a large measure of good common sense; was shrewd, sagacious, observant, discriminating. He had a great aptitude for entering into business details, for collecting facts bearing upon a given subject, and for investigating and sifting evidence. He set a high value upon accuracy, and it is probable that this cause, as well as his deep sense of honour and integrity, led him to repeat long journeys, that he might correct any mistakes which had crept into his former reports of observation. He was also a man of curiosity, wishing to see and know as much as possible, and a man of enterprise, loving to travel in distant countries as well as his own. His memory could carry a number of little matters connected with the economy of his household and estate,—and his judgment could sit in examination over them, with a quietness undisturbed by the main scheme of his life, which still continued its regal sway over his mind and heart. Cutting timber, sorting tiles, preparing lime, underpinning barns, trimming hedges, nailing up matting, and all manner of minor things, he was wont to think of, and mention with the utmost care

in letters, written amidst scenes, to him, of supreme interest, and while engaged in pursuits that might have sufficed to crush the remembrance of all that did not immediately belong to it. "Punctual to a minute in every engagement he made, he usually sat, when in conversation, with his watch in his hand, which he rested upon his knee; and, though in the midst of an interesting anecdote or argument, so soon as the moment he had fixed for his departure arrived, he arose, took up his hat and left the house." He calculated how long it would take him to walk or ride to the place of his next engagement with such nicety, that he was seldom a second beyond his appointment. The brisk, quick step which tradition reports he had while walking, was significant of his busy, active mind, and the neatness of his person and the order of his apparel equally corresponded with the method of his plans, the regularity of his life. With all his generosity, he was not easily imposed upon, so carefully did he inquire into the nature of the case he was solicited to relieve; and with all his self-sacrificing devotion, he was not wanting in a wise measure of precaution and prudence. When visiting prisons he used to smell vinegar, and change his apparel; and he was careful, he says, "never to enter an

hospital before breakfast, and in offensive rooms seldom to draw his breath deeply." Decision was a leading element in his character, and it has been eloquently described by Foster as "the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a pitch of excitement and impulsion, almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds; as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent."

His firmness nothing could overcome, and it offered resistance like a granite rock when any one, no matter who, endeavoured, without reason, to subdue and crush it. Once when Howard was travelling in Prussia, he came to a narrow piece of road, admitting only one carriage, where it was enjoined on all postillions, as they entered, to blow a horn. After his postillion had done so, and had proceeded some way, they met one of the couriers of Frederick the Great, who had neglected the precaution, as he was travelling with that eager speed which distinguished the progress of such officials in the service of the impetuous monarch. The royal messenger insisted upon

his authority, and demanded that the Englishman should turn back. The Englishman refused, on the ground that he had observed the rule, and the courier had broken it. There they sat, looking each other in the face, till the officer of the despotic king had to give way to his opponent, whose strength lay simply in his sense of right.

Howard had a distaste for the luxuries of life, being frugal and abstemious in the extreme, indeed a strict vegetarian; regarding tea as his chief luxury, for which he, in his travels, carried a kettle and the needful et-ceteras. He had many odd adventures in travelling, but he bore all privations with wonderful equanimity. Once, in Scotland, he and his servant came to a little public-house, where the only fare was black bread, eggs, and oatmeal. They placed the miserable meal on a three-legged stool, says my informant,* and

* The son of John Prole, a favourite servant of Howard. He was a very excellent and pious man, and left behind him a sketch of his life, in a small pamphlet, entitled "A Father's Legacy to his Children." The following extract relates to his master.

"I continued with my worthy mistress a little more than two years and a half after I lost my much-esteemed master, where I was very happy, and then the Lord directed me to that worthy, benevolent, and good man, Mr. Howard, with whom, for the first six or seven years,

proceeded to cut slices out of the great awkward dish with a garden-knife, the house furnishing them with no table-knives at all, or any forks. But Howard was much pleased on that occasion with the old lady, who replied to his questions as to how she could live in such a

I enjoyed all the happiness that a rational mind could wish; for here the Lord had again fully answered my poor unworthy request far beyond all my wishes and expectations. Here the Lord had provided for me a most agreeable and suitable companion to be the sharer of my comforts and joys, and to assist and help me under all the trials of life. How many have been the kind and gracious appearances of the great Jehovah for me of late, which you, some of you, have known. How kindly did that Great Preserver protect me and my good master in that hazardous journey into Scotland in the deep snow, when we went through drifts in many places far deeper than our horses and ourselves. And in a remarkable manner was I preserved in our journey from Newcastle; for, about five o'clock in the morning, as I was riding on before my master, getting out of the road, both the horse and myself fell into a pit, which I could not see, it being made level by the snow, and in which we were covered, but having a strong horse, he worked himself out with me on him without any hurt; and many other dangers we were in our journey preserved from, while many as we heard of lost their lives in that severe season; and all our escapes from death were owing to that kind hand which, in the moment of danger, is often remarkably seen. I could wish and pray you to make it your study,

lonely place, without privileges : “ Moses, sir, had greater privileges while keeping his Father’s flock in the wilderness, than when in the court of Pharaoh.”

Howard could endure what would have been insupportable to most men. In some of his journeys he was subject to distressing priva-

to copy the example of my much-esteemed and worthy master, Mr. Howard, especially in his diligence and activity in promoting the honour and glory of God, and the real good of all his fellow-creatures. What an example has he left ! No time was lost with him, but improved for the most valuable purposes. No parade of equipage nor outward appearance ; no superfluities nor indulgences in eating or drinking ; but the strictest abstinence from everything that could in the least be a let or hindrance to him in performing what he well knew was his incumbent duty as a rational and immortal being, who would be called to a strict and impartial account of the talents with which a good and gracious Creator had endowed him. And I can assure you that nothing was lost or unimproved by him, but all was faithfully improved for some valuable end or purpose. Let us endeavour, like him, to improve the talents that a wise and good God has intrusted us with, and may we ever be mindful, that in a little time we must give a strict account what use we have made of those precious advantages with which we are so richly endowed—I mean our spiritual gifts, and the many opportunities we have for our improvement in the divine life, especially our solemn seasons. Let none of them be lost.”

tions, to immense toil, to long-protracted fatigue, to painful illness. "I had a fit of ague," he says, "before I left St. Petersburg, but I travelled it off, the nights being warm. I thought I could live where any men did live, but this northern journey, especially in Sweden, where there was no fruit, no garden-stuff, and only sour bread and sour milk, I have been pinched." In the Lazaretto at Venice, in filthy rooms, some full of vermin, and while lying almost surrounded with water,—having made a large fire to dry the flags upon which he fixed his bed—moreover, racked with headache and consumed with fever, brought on by the closeness and stench of the place, he employed his time—during intervals of ease, and on the approach of convalescence—in whitewashing the wretched apartments—in translating and abridging the regulations of the establishment—in detecting and exposing its abuses, and in writing letters to English friends and servants, full of curious characteristic details. In that horrible pest-house he quietly busied himself in giving directions about the Cardington farm, as if present on the spot, telling John Prole to "give a look to the hedge in Close Lane, that the sheep do not jump over;" inquiring "whether the old chaise-horse was yet gone blind?" and directing that "Duke should have

his range when past labour." Of the intrepidity which was coupled with Howard's endurance, the proofs are numerous and startling. He actually penetrated into the Bastille, and would not leave it till he was forced to retreat. The only person, it has been truly said, during four centuries, that was ever compelled to leave it reluctantly. In spite of the endeavours of the French Government to prevent it, he visited the prisons of Marseilles, accomplishing by a disguise what otherwise would have been impossible. He could even fight when he felt it a duty ; and, what seems a strange scene in Howard's life, we really have him once before us, on the deck of a Venetian vessel, ramming a gun to the muzzle with nails and spikes, and similar charge, and pointing it with tremendous effect at a Barbary privateer, whose pirate masters were striving to capture the ship.

Such was the man Howard ; such his cast and calibre. Here we see what were the natural elements of his character, meaning by that, all that could be attributed to the constitution of his mind and body, to his original tendencies, to the influence of early circumstances, to his own thoughts and cherished predilections, and to his habits, which had been growing up from boyhood, under the influence of manifold circumstances. In short, here you have what may enable

you to form an idea of his individual idiosyncrasy apart from the action on his nature of higher causes, presently to be noticed. Such a man never could have been an artist, never could have been a poet, never could have been a philosopher. He had not the rich ideality, or the passionate imagination, or the subtlety and comprehensiveness of these wonderfully-gifted children of "the Father of lights." But we think he might have been a successful lawyer, or an eminent merchant, or a celebrated discoverer, or a useful statesman, or a first-rate general. It has struck us, in looking at the man, that his common sense, his observant and methodical habits, his punctuality and prudence, his activity, enterprise, endurance, firmness, and intrepidity—associated with a marvellously cool temperament—bore very considerable resemblance to the qualities of the renowned Wellington. The warrior and the philanthropist, strange as it may seem, were really in nature a good deal alike. Out of similar primitive materials, we apprehend, were shaped the Waterloo hero and the prisoner's angel;—into such diversified forms may two rough pieces of humanity out of the same quarry be hewn and carved. Howard might have been, we think, any one of the characters we have mentioned, might have stood first-class man among them; but the

natural in him took a different turn altogether ; it was wrought into two forms not natural—*disinterested benevolence* and *spiritual religion*. All the qualities we have noticed were moulded into the first, were inspired and vivified by the second. He became both a lover of man and a lover of God, in an extraordinary and pre-eminent sense ; his capacities were filled and his energies were guided by that twofold affection. Beneficence was his business. In a sense only second to that in which it was applied to his Divine Master, may it be said, he went about doing good. His chosen mission was “ to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity.” Religion was his guide, his stay, his solace, and his delight. It was not confined to Sundays and places of worship, but breathed itself over all his journals and letters, and elevated and hallowed all his activity. His devotional habits, his trust in God, his filial obedience to Divine precepts ; the earnest, loving covenants between his own soul and the Great Friend of souls ; the steady confidence he kept, amidst all the perturbing circumstances of life, that he was ever living in the hollow of God’s hand ; the insight which

he had into the spiritual world, and his habitual gaze at the grand scenes of eternity, amidst which he saw, lying under the sunlight of infinite love, his own prepared home, meet us ever and anon, as we turn over the faithful and modest records of his private spiritual life. In connection with all this beneficence and religion, there were certain beautiful and noble touches given to his character which require special notice. For example, he had a singular delicacy of feeling, a habit of expressing kindness in all manner of little ways; entering into the most insignificant concerns of his poor tenantry, sending them little presents—for instance, fine new currants all the way from Zante;—and showing the most considerate and tender sympathy for all sorts of people at home and abroad, in their private distress. Besides, he was conscientiously bold in speaking the truth, however unpalatable, of which memorials are preserved in the record of his interviews with noble personages, including the Emperor of Austria,—of which the following anecdote may serve as a specimen. Dining at the table of the English ambassador at Vienna, he inveighed against the wretched condition of the prisons there. “Hush!” said the ambassador, “your words will be repeated to his Majesty.” “What,” he replied, “shall my tongue be tied

from speaking truth by any king or emperor in the world? I repeat what I asserted, and maintain its veracity." He had, moreover, a disregard of the honour and distinctions of the world,—an almost unparalleled obliviousness of all common ambition ;—not caring for the smiles of princes—refusing an invitation from the Empress Catherine, as he was visiting St. Petersburg—counting among the *heaviest trials* of his life the proposal to erect a statue to his memory, and concluding a letter in reference to it thus: "A hasty, sad, unkind measure. I hope I have drunk into the spirit of one of my most admired characters, Mr. Scougal, who, on his death-bed, said to his friends, 'If you have the charity to remember me in your prayers, do not think me a better man than I am, but look upon me as indeed I am, a most miserable sinner.'" Howard's delicacy and conscientious boldness might perhaps be attributed to the natural elements of his character ; but certainly to that cause his deadness to the world and his deep humility can never be ascribed. These certainly are peculiarities of the same nature with the beneficence and the religion which shone so conspicuously in all his life.

And now, we ask, what made him the man he was? What gave him this remarkable bias

What turned his powers, faculties, and aspirations into this uncommon direction? His journals and letters reveal that secret. It was *Christianity*, properly so called; the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God." A man must be the best exponent of his own motives, and of the impulses that guide his life. Howard ever expresses *evangelical* ideas as lying at the basis of his religious character and beneficent efforts. The Bible, the great book of God, in the sum of its revelations, was the record of his faith, the charter of his joys, the law of his doings; but he looked on the New Testament as the consummation and finished glory of the Old. His last biographer, Mr. Dixon, has described him as realizing the ideal of a devout and dignified Hebrew patriarch. There is some truth in this; yet, after all, his notions may more properly be termed Christian than Hebrew. His models were not patriarchs, prophets, and kings, so much as Apostles and the Divine Lord of Apostles. His precepts were the sayings of Jesus, rather than the institutes of Moses; and the spirit which filled his soul was not like that which emanated from Sinai, but that which fell on the day of Pentecost. "Oh, the wonders of redeeming love! Some faint hope I have that, even I, through redeeming mercy, in the perfect righteousness, the full atoning sacrifice,

shall ere long be made the monument of the rich grace and mercy of God through the Divine Redeemer. Oh, shout my soul, grace, grace, free, sovereign, rich, and unbounded grace! Not I, not I, a well-deserving creature, but where sin has abounded, I trust grace super-abounds! Some hope have I (what joy in that hope!) that nothing shall separate my soul from the love of God in Christ Jesus. Let not, my soul, the interests of a moment engross thy thoughts, or be preferred to my eternal interests. Look forward to that glory which will be revealed to those who are faithful to death. My soul, walk thou with God; be faithful, hold on, hold out, and, then, what words can utter!" These are Howard's meditations at the Hague one Sunday night. So he sat, thinking and writing there, in that old Dutch town, what he often wrote, and still more often thought. The key to his character lies here. He felt that he was saved by grace, and for the glory of that grace he would live and die. It is remarkable that of the great enterprise of his life, so far as the matter related to himself, he was by no means fond of talking; he would turn off allusion to the subject sometimes, by saying it was a whim of his. He was not a man to dwell on his own virtues. His eye was fixed, not on his own

achievements, but on that Divine love which he fervently adored, as it wrought so mightily within his soul. Visiting the prisoner was after all only the *form* into which his benevolence was shaped. The benevolence itself, so self-denying, so patient, so irrespective of all temporal rewards, can never be accounted for but by attributing it to his religion, whose specific character, as Christian, as evangelical, he himself defines. Till a man shall be found without that religion, doing what Howard did or anything like it, that religion shall retain the glory of his fame, as *the great philanthropist*. His philanthropy is the faint reflection of that higher love which but One Book in the world reveals: only at the cross could such benevolence be kindled.

IV.

We must now proceed to the close of Howard's story. It is sometimes given to the children of mortality to see, in the ever-diminishing distance, the gathering of the death-cloud that is to burst upon them. The dark shadow is discerned moving solemnly across the region of the future. Howard was one of those who had some little time beforehand a presentiment of his approaching end. When he had determined upon his seventh journey,

the object of which was somewhat indistinct, but which was to include a perilous inquiry into the nature of the plague in Turkey and the East, he looked upon his intended departure from his native shores as a final one. "You will probably never see me again; be that as it may, it is not matter of serious concern to me whether I lay down my life in Turkey, in Egypt, in Asia Minor, or elsewhere. The way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London." These were sentiments expressed to friends, accompanied by very touching and tender leave-takings. Among the letters of Ridley the Martyr is a remarkable one, written on the eve of his fiery death, in which he reviews scenes and companions long endeared, and *by name* bids farewell to each. It is unutterably solemn this shaking hands, as it were, with Time, as the soul stands under the doorway of eternity. Howard went about, on the eve of his departure, thus shaking hands, bidding a series of adieus to valued objects and endeared individuals. I dare say he felt much, the last time he worshipped here. We know that he had a sorrowful and loving interview with his friend Mr. Smith, the pastor, in which he commended to him the oversight of the schools, and other institutions at Cardington. The last night, Howard walked round the

garden, with old Joshua Crockford, and took a parting look at the fir his dear Henrietta had planted, thinking that now at last everything in that precious spot was all arranged just as she would have liked it. He called at John Prole's cottage, and gave the wife two relics, her lady's miniature and her master's travelling teakettle. Howard set out in the morning on horseback for London, accompanied by that faithful old man-servant, on whose good dame he bestowed another donation at the moment of starting, putting into her hand a guinea, as a recompense for her husband's loss of time.* Arrived in London, and sending back his trusty domestic, "John," said he, "these two horses are yours, when you get home."

* These relics were exhibited by Mr. Prole at the public meeting, which was held the evening after the delivery of this lecture. Mr. Prole has mentioned to me another relic of Howard, an ivory thimble, which he made in his younger days. He gave it to Henrietta Leeds previously to his marriage, and it was in her workbox at her death, and became afterwards the property of Mrs. Prole. It is now in the possession of one of her daughters. My friend remarks that the circumstance illustrates the words—

"In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

And so ended Howard's last association with Bedford and Cardington. He went far away into other lands, with a calm self-sacrificing spirit in his breast. "My medical acquaintance," he wrote from Moscow, "give me but little hope of escaping the plague in Turkey, but my spirits do not fail me; and, indeed, I do not look back, but would readily endure any hardships and encounter any dangers, to be an honour to my Christian profession."

He reached Cherson, in Russia. It was filled with imperial troops flushed with victory after the war with the Sultan. Fever broke out amidst scenes of revelry. A gay young girl caught it in the ball-room. She was taken to her home, twenty-four miles off. Howard, who understood medicine, was sent for. She improved; then relapsed. The good man was invited a second time. He rode over on a dray-horse one wet, cold night. She was dying. He felt her pulse; lifting up the coverlet of the bed, he perceived an *offensive smell*.

That sealed his destiny. He went home—suffered much—sunk daily—talked calmly to his friend, Admiral Priestman—selected a spot in the village of Dauphiney, where he wished to be buried,—and said, "Lay me quietly in the earth, place a sundial *over my grave, and*

let me be forgotten." Then came news from England. It was said, "his son was better." The hope was delusive, but still it was a ray falling on the dark valley. "Is not this comfort for a dying father?" he asked. It was the 20th of January; it was eight o'clock at night. The snow was lying on Russian fields; cold winds blew round the house; a few strangers were beside his bed. Admiral Mordvinoff came in to see the sufferer. A change had taken place. A messenger rushed out for the physician. Ere he came, the object of solicitude had passed away into a region of which the Lord of it hath said, "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

The people honoured Howard with general mourning, and a public funeral; but the best tribute was from those poor peasants and slaves, "who marvelled much why he, a stranger to them, had left his home and friends and country, to become the unpaid servant of the poor in a land so far away: and not knowing how in their simple hearts to account for this, they silently dropped their tears into his grave, and slowly moved away."

Much might be said in the practical application of the lesson furnished by Howard's character, but we have exhausted your patience,

and can only add, in conclusion, that to those whom Providence has placed in circumstances of affluence or competency, so as to raise them above the need of a trade or a profession for their maintenance, the honoured individual of whom our discourse is a memorial presents a special example—indicating how they may consecrate their leisure and their resources, and make a business of doing good—and stimulating them to industry in what Barrow significantly calls their “particular calling as gentlemen.” Though, we may add, that wealth is far from being the *sine qua non* of beneficence; that even friends to the prisoner have risen from among the poor, of which Sarah Martin is an illustrious instance; who, by the way, along with Elizabeth Fry, should be esteemed by the women of England as the glory of their sex and their country; not merely as heroines to be extolled, but as pioneers to be followed. And, further, we may observe, that in an age when the principle of association for benevolent purposes is so largely carried out, and is so liable to abuse, when men are found so much to lean upon each other, to look for precedents, to wait for examples, to tarry on the borders of the field of enterprise, till more daring spirits give the challenge to advance and beckon on, the story of Howard’s sublime loneliness in the path

he pursued, comes as a corrective ;—not to interfere with united action, wisely conceived and well sustained, but to supersede its feebler developments—in the way of a servile reliance on others—by the inspiration of a bold, free, manly genius, and of a tone of independent activity—guided, not by the judgment and doings of others, but by a consciousness of individual power and personal obligation. And, finally, we remark that, in these times, when Christians are so fond of having their good deeds reported, and talked of, and blazoned forth with much of praise—when an ambition of that kind is eating like a worm into the roots of our activity—the tale of Howard’s self-forgetfulness and dislike of public notice and applause comes as a further corrective, checking our base-born pride, and bidding us look for the highest rewards of beneficence in the approval of conscience and the “praise of God.”

’Twere wise for us to muse much on those words : “ Lay me quietly in the earth, place a sundial on my grave, and let me be forgotten ! ”

APPENDIX.

THE following original letter, furnished by Charles Reed, Esq., is appended as a characteristic specimen of Howard's business letters on farming affairs.

“JOHN PROLE,—I suppose the posts and rails are down, the quick and hollies all planted, and that the carpenters at Fenlake are off.

“Desire Sharp also to cut the hedge in Allen Brown's Close, as also that at the upper end of Smith's Close, the same as he has done all along the roadside.

“Let Mr. Easton go on with the finishing Calleman's house, by putting up the doors, shelves, closets, dresser, etc., and to put down the new posts and gates at your pickle, before which tell John Joice and Thomas James to range the posts and rails between Gulliver's and the new gates, by putting them more back into the Close as I ordered, and their own view will direct, as this near post wants coming about a foot out. Tell Mr. Calleman to put down the stones and slabs you brought, and then from

the front of one of the houses, the width of the stone, before the door, dig two spit of mould out to the intended palisade doorway; carry the mould to the new hedge, and then gravel it as a footpath to the house: let it be done by a line; the four or five load of gravel may be dug from the pit in the Close. Let it be done to either house, that I may see it when I come down, which cannot possibly be next week, but it will be the week after, when I can stay to see very little done, as many affairs take up my time and thoughts. The well the side of Calleman's house dig out, and finish by putting the pump (Mrs. Thody's) down, as it suits to have the labourers: give yourselves room, and do it at once, getting it as deep as possible, by Joe and two or three more hands at work, the kerb bricks, etc., being all ready for it. Write on Tuesday or Wednesday. Let me know how much wheat and barley we have. Let Joe thresh all the oats out. When will he probably finish? It is time, the first dry weather, to get the rood of potatoes planted; be particular as to the quantity. The yard is not now so littery, if Conquest has been a couple of days since. I enclose £10, so you have £20 5s. 8d. in hand. Never hardly was known such a time; nobody will part with any money; the American war,

unjust and cruel, has brought the nation into contempt, and many individuals to poverty and misery. You will get Mr. Green's and Mr. Coomb's bills ; I will pay and settle everything before I go on my arduous task. Did I not stay myself on a better strength, wisdom, and righteousness than my own, I should faint. I do see my danger by the commotions in Europe, but I bless God my spirits do not fail me.

“ Yours, J. HOWARD.”

Those persons who may wish to possess a more detailed account of the life and labours of this remarkable man, are referred to Mr. Hepworth Dixon's volume, entitled “ John Howard, and the Prison World of Europe, from Original and Authentic Documents,” a third Edition of which (illustrated with several wood engravings) has lately been published, in foolscap 8vo, price 6s. cloth.







